

way game, Mayor Harrison is handicapped by not having authority to send either of the players to the clubhouse.

Now that the Cubs have licked the Giants three out of four, we'll forget all about that little incident of Johnny Evers being suspended. He came in handy, but we could put the work on just the same when he was out of the game.

Within the past few months State's Attorney Wayman has tried five women for murder and convicted none of them. We suggest that he now try a few men murderers and that he begin on the murderers of Conductor Witt and Teamster Hehr, both of whom were murdered by slug-gers in the employ of newspapers.

Will women now kindly omit killing their husbands for a while so that Wayman will have no further excuse for not prosecuting men murderers?

Willie Hearst scored a great scoop on all the other papers in yesterday morning's Examiner. He printed a first-page story in the early editions telling his readers that Mrs. Bernstein had been found guilty. And then the jury didn't come in until last night, and then returned a verdict of not guilty. Things appear to be breaking badly for Hearst in Chicago.

During the last twelve months 1,118 girls between the ages of 10 and 16 were reported missing by the London metropolitan police, and of these 1,102 were traced.

## SHE SLIPPED ONE OVER

Mrs. Hattie W. James and Mrs. Ellen Magill are neighbors, but they aren't friends by a long shot.

Mrs. James lives at 940, and Mrs. Magill at 946 Montrose ave. Mrs. James was not assessed for personal property. The board of review received the following note:

"Why no assessment on personal property of Mrs. Hattie James, 940 Montrose ave? She has fine electric cars, precious stones, jewelry, fine clothes, is a society lady, etc."

And the note was signed E. Magill. Mrs. James is now taxed on personal property assessed at \$1,500, and the atmosphere around 940-946 Montrose avenue is so frigid that Peary would feel at home in it.

## BARGAIN INSTINCT.



"Mamma, can I take the pin cushion for a while?"

"Yes, my child. But what do you want with it?"

"Sammy Sellers next door is playing merchant and he has some lovely mud pies at seven pins, marked down from eight."